WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

THE College Girl has disavowed The submarine dilemma veers From buffets to caresses. A cow was sent by parcel post-We read it in the papers,

Of Trebizond,

And stocks are cutting capers.

Her love for low neck dresses. The Czar seems fond

The Bankers say the German mark Is very hard to market.

The Colonel would forsake the Moose Had he a place to park it. The Diaz revolutionists

Are listlessly revolting-The Upper Sets Wear pantalettes. And March is mildly moulting.



A cow was sent by Parcel Post.

A Jersey man smoked cigarettes A hundred years ... or something: And then, quite suddenly, he died-Which seems a very glum thing. Spring poetry is selling low. With scarcely any takers, The price of pie

Is somewhat high, And fortune dogs the bakers. Grand Opera seats are quite the thing For bridge or euchre prizes. The hyphenated citizen Is wearing new disguises. A Harvard sage declared that "damn!"

Was really very harmless; It means no more Than "What a bore!" And Gardner says we're armless.



Spring poetry is selling low.

The Mexican imbroglio Is taking on proportions. Carranza did a series of Political contortions. P. Villa has declined to come To Texas for the shooting. Sir Woodrow's star Is back at par.

Sir Bryan wrote that he approved Of Mr. Baker's order, So now the Army may proceed To pacify the border. The Teutons won a bit of woods And lost a bit of valley. King George will eat

But little sweet. And thus to our finale.

ILLURIA.

And Barnes is gently Rooting.

LLURIA is a country that has existed from time immemorial, and yet, quite singular to state, it is not recorded upon any map. No mention of it has ever been made by anybody. It has never been described in story or poem or

This is the first time that it has ever been named, and yet Illuria is a real place. It is inhabited by real people, those whom you meet every day and wonder at and love and hate and

What is Illuria? Well, it is a remarkable place. It is the land where all the people live who don't understand each other.

The inhabitants of Hiuria are naturally of all ages, from the tiny baby whose parents have thought he was crying because he had the colic when in reality he had only a safety pin up to the gray haired old man who sits alone in the shadow of the building and spends his time in brooding over the past.

Some people never get to Illuria. Those are the kind who drift upon the surface of things. who never have any moods and whose sentiments are written largely upon their sieeves; but these are in the minerity.

When you first go to Illuria it seems as though It was filled with strangers and of course you go about trying to explain who and what you are. After a while it begins to dawn upon you that they have all come for that particular purpose and then you sit back and become more reticent. more composed. In other words, you begin to

expect the inevitable. There is one corner of Illuria where nobody but ex-Presidents are permitted. They tell of all the things that they really did and of all the things that somebody else thought they did. Then there is another corner of Illuria where there is nobody but school teachers, and a mighty big crowd it is. It has always seemed that if their pupils could see them now (and of course lets of their pupils are in Illuria) -- if thos apils could be brought together and could tell

e school teachers why they were misunderstood -well, they might have to leave Illuria, because there would be no excuse then for their being And then the mothers: There is a corner

just for them alone. There they sit, wishing that the boys they are bringing up could only know that they were Illurians; but of course the boys don't know, although the boys are Illurians themselves. That is the peculiar thing about the people who live in Illuria. Somehow or other their idea I the place is that they cannot get together and explain themselves to each other. That is one

You must remember that when you go there. Don't be profuse. Don't attempt to set yourself right; just go in and register your name and

That is, as much as you can in Illuria.

THE DEPARTURE.

W ALKING along an unfrequented way one pleasant afternoon I met Learning.
"Where are you going?" I said. "I don't know," said Learning, "that is the question which troubles me. To be candid with you, I have come to the conclusion that I am of very little practical use."

could have told you that long ago if you had asked me," I said.

But one hates to give up one's illusion. Here have been from time immemorial hobnobbing with philosophers and courted by many of the ablest men, and you know now that I begin to realize my own inefficiency; it is really pathetic. "It is pathetic." I replied. "I remember the time when even I used to look up to you and think you were necessary to an intelligent human Learning was evidently concerned.

Aren't you going too far!" she said. "You know I am necessary in a way, if people only

"Yes, in a way." I replied gently, hesitating to speak that final word which would dispel the last illusion, and yet I felt that it must be done.

"But are you?" I continued. "For example, ou probably think that you are necessary to a historian, and yet if one is to write a history and have it really up to date and make fascinating reading, the kind of reading that grips one, as the book reviewers say, would it not be a fatal mistake to consort with you before one has written such a book?

"Nobody does it now, you know. It isn't regarded as necessary to know anything about your subject. In fact an intimate knowledge of it is

"Don't you suppose I know that?" said

"And then take philosophy," I said. "If one were to write a book on philosophy which shall be popular with the masses one does not need to know anything about the history of philosophy. All one need do is to use a lot of high sounding words which mean nothing. So you see-

"Don't go through the rest of the entalogue, please!" exclaimed Learning. "The truth is that t was a mistake for me ever to have existed. I realize this more and more every day. People were a great deal happier before I came." "That is true," I replied, "and yet permit me

to praise you highly for one thing. I really have an intense admiration for you."

Learning elevated her classic eyebrows. "For what, pray?" she asked.

replied, "you recognize this great truth. Seeing that people are so much happier without you, you are gradually leaving us. Isn't "Perfectly so," said Learning, with the air of

a martyr. She held out her hand.
"And yet," she said, "there is one consolation not denied to me. Although I am going I have the satisfaction of knowing that there are more pooks published in my name than ever before. 'And do you mean to say that you haven't been of any service in getting them up?"

Learning smiled as she prepared to depart. no," she replied. "You see, I did my long ago and there hasn't been any-"Well, no," she replied. thing new from me for so long that I simply can't go on imposing on the people. Good-by."

TERPSICHORE

By DON MARQUIS.

ERPSICHORE! Terpsichore! You are the queen of kickery, and all the world is thine! Terpsichore! Terpsichore! Skirts somewhat snickery are dancing where we dine!

Terpsichore! Terpsichore! Gents often liquory help these skirts to shine!

Terpsichore! Terpsichore! Cookery and chicory cabarets and wine!
Terpsichore! Terpsichore! Solid dames or slickery essay that game of thine!

Terpsichore! Terpsichore! Grand-dads stiff as hickory dance knots out of the spine. Terpsichore! Terpsichore! Young 'uns full of trickery, see 'em cling and twine'.
Terpsichore'. Your fluttering feet, and flickery, are quicker feet than mine!

Terpsichore ! Terpsichore! You are the queen of kickery. and all the world is thine!

We were a sober people, existing with the air

In the Museum, a munmy—it is Rameses, the runmy!—quivers, jerks and lurches.

In the Zoo the solemn monkeys are trotting with their bunkles underneath their perches.

And our morals and our manners are really growing better-at least the papers say so-since we've kicked away the fetter. And it's curing all our curses, from the pigeon toes to tetter. . . .

It will cure your old diseases, it will drive away It gives unto the bald man's head another crop of bair. Melancholia, chickenpox, appendicitis, botts will vanish from your mortal frame if you

I had a friend named William Stubb, who'd never danced a step. And William's liver was on strike; it lacked all pride and pep. He took to dancing fancy steps, and soon his liver woke. He are so much and drank so much it kept poor



Later we took to it.

came among us-treasure!-with your naughty little glance, and you quickened up the measure. and we saw you hop and prance.

At first we frowned sedately, condemning of the habit; we said it wasn't stately-it was like a giddy rabbit !- but later we took to it, till all the universe is out to kangaroo it, from the cradie

Chatterboxes chirpy are swearing by you, Terpy, as well as all the highbrows. Rather older ladies are jumping now like Hades, from their sandals to their evebrows. teachers in the basements of their churches,

NAMES.

SN'T it a pity that we cannot hame our selves? If we happen to be born first among several others our parents are that incompetent and always give us the name that we carry through life. Sometimes we have to live up to it and sometimes we have to live down to it.

We are supposed to be free and independent. There ought to be a department in Washington which would give the people the privilege of naming themselves when they had arrived at years of discretion. There is no reason why young people should not be numbered the way they number telephones, until they have decided what they wanted to be called.

At one time everybody was called Dorothy There was a crop of Dorothys larger than the wheat crop. It isn't fair to name a human being when you don't know what he or she is going to look like, whether they are going to be thick, tall or short. A buby that only weighs four and three-quarter pounds and has blue eyes, and whom you think you are perfeetly safe in naming Mand, may grow up to be as large as the fat lady in the chans is the same way with Archibalds. How many

Archibaids, at forty, weigh 250 pounds? When you learn to ride a bleycle you always run into the object that you are trying to avoid That is precisely the way it is with a name. girl who starts out early in life to live up

to Ellnor probably never reaches further than Mary Ann, and think of the Jacks who have been misplaced!

HEADS.

W ATCH the heads in a mixed audience of men and women who are listening to a fairly interesting speaker. You will discover that the heads of most of the men are quite still and that the heads of most of the women are moving, some of them bobbling about, ome of them swaying and some of them coming together at intervals to whisper. You will also discover that they twist their necks, raise their hands to put their hair and change their wraps over their shoulders

These women's heads are expressing themseives in terms of tack of concentration. The menare concentrated. The women are unconcen-

Till all the universe is out to Kangaroo it.

of prayer. Our quickest step of pleasure was. William broke. And still he hopped and still he the staid and proper dance of a snall who gave danced, and still his liver grew, and William his leisure to waltzing with his aunts. Till you Stubb completely lost the trick of feeling blue. His liver got so strong that it was better far than new. The doctors came from miles around to beg

> One day an automobile hit poor William in his pride. And all of him except his liver gave one cry and died. His liver was so spry and strong that it refused to die. The Coroner remarked on The doctors said: "My eye!" Before they the funeral of that poor dancing dub they d to take his liver out and kill it with a club. that's what modern dancing did for my friend William Stubb.

Terpsichore! My little clinging vine! We're conquered by your kickery, for all the world is thine !

LOCAL ITEMS.

(As they might be, it the truth were told.) A ISS BESSIE SMITH is visiting Miss Jane Salter on Main street, where she eats three poor meals a day and listens to a dreary round of dull gossip, unrelieved by a ray of genuine humor.

Everybody is wondering how Jabez Shipton is going to pay for the new shingles on his shanty. Our unpopular, but necessary drug store has a new consignment of adulterated candy, guaranteed to be untit for the human stomach.

On Saturday night the Practs gave the most uninteresting dance ever pulled off in this vicin Don't go to the amateur theatricals this week. Nothing worse has ever been, or ever will be

Dr. Snider bungled through an operation our commonplace Mayor this week. The Mayor may pull through; if he does, it will be a mir-No loss, anyway.

One of our advertisements is paid for, the poor old advertiser being new to the town, and not knowing how to keep his money. The rest are deadheads.

The marriage of Miss Sadie Simpkins and Ollie Granger took place on Thursday night. The bridegroom has never been able to make any thing more than a bare living. The bride is the homeliest girl we ever saw. They may struggle along together for a few years—but we doubt it.

THE SILENT SUFFRAGETTE.

SILENT suffragette was once walking along A a quiet road, when she was met by a committee. Said the committee: "We wish you to speak to-night in the town

She shook her head silently and passed on. Soon she was met by a friend: 'I want you to spend the afternoon in ise and talk to some people who are doubtful about the place that woman should occupy in the world's affairs."

Again she shook her head and passed on. P. S.—This story is not continued, because according to the most advanced school of fletion writing, every story, at the very start, should impress the reader as something that might poshappen. Maybe we shall succeed better

TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE

VII .-- In Which Harold Proves Himself to Be the Humble Instrument of an All Wise Providence

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

AROLD PEASELY was in many respects a remarkable character. He was almost invariably cheerful, rarely losing his invariably cheerful, rarely losing his fanning herself, was making no remarks. The temper. A great many critical people thought him superficial; but it often takes a large quantity of genuine ability to be superficial in the right way. He often wore a casual air when doing the most unusual things, which was a cause of constant astonishment to his wife, who, although she had lived with him for several years, did not even remotely understand him. She was always suspecting him of doing things which by no possibility could he do, and of overlooking the most extraordinary things which he did do, waking up to them at last with a sense of utter misgiving and amazement.

One evening, after they had been living in the suburbs long enough to have been called upon by the local clergymen and to owe the leading butcher enough so that they felt easy in their minds about accusing him of robbing them, Harold remarked:

"Oh, by the way, dear, I am getting up an intellectual movement."

Myrtle gazed at him speechlessly for a moment. The highest intellectual point her husband had ever reached was a game of golf he once played



Veluria Snaker Zip, author of "Mud Pies on Parnassus."

with a writer of best sellers who hailed from Indianapolis.

"I don't understand you." she sputtered at last. "Every well regulated place," said Harold, must have an intellectual movement once in so often or it begins to lose pep. We have been gasped and two other fat suburban society on trying to break into local society now for many clung to each other for support, as Myrtle roun often or it begins to lose pep. We have been moons, but we are still about eight pews behind. I know several intellectual stars in town and I propose to get them to come out here and bleat to the natives. When the excitement has faded you can easily be elected president of the woman's club, while I resume my wonted station and be

known hereafter as HER HUSBAND." "Are the intellectual stars you know male or female?" stainmered Myrtle.

"Both. Did you ever hear of Zobonia Orchid Melrose, author of 'The Blue Shin'? She will come. Are you familiar with the writings of Veluria Snaker Zip, author of 'Mud Pies on Parpassus'? She will be here. Do you know Crummerton Pump, whose 'Mudguards of Fate' has passed into the eighteenth edition? He will read aloud from his own impassioned works. This place will not hold us in six weeks."

Where did you meet these-women? Harold paused while he flicked, or flecked (take your choice, gentle render), the ashes from

"They are not women," he replied, "they are itellectuals. There is no brain to sex, you know, They came into my life-let's see-I really cannot remember when." By this time Myrtle had worked up a state of

excitement that if she had been a motor car it would have taken her up the side of the big Pyramid at Ghizeh on high.
"You never told me of this before," she said. "This is a base scheme on your part to get these

women out here. You are tired of my society. You crave something new. Harold spent several minutes in convincing her of the contrary.

"For once believe in me," he said pathetically You know Mrs. Abergroundle Pelter the social set here? Well, I met her husband on the train and told him about all the new imagist poets I knew and how Zobonia and I were leading a new movement and he said his wife would be crazy about it and he liked her to keep in touch with new things, as it helped him in his business. So he dragged me over to meet his wife, and the whole matter is arranged and she is to have an intellectual afternoon and am to bring the troupe out with me. our invitation in Mrs. Pelter's well known

In spite of all he could do Myrtle remained firm in her decision not to attend the "afternoon. I'pon the appointed day, therefore, Harold went off alone to Mrs. Pelter's, pleading for Myrtle a sudden headache.

Zobonia and Veluria and Crummerton had been

Never!

transported from the station in the village taxi. Zobonia had on a spangled gown that would have created an instant panic in an inebriate asylum. Velurin wore evening clothes, although the sun was yet high in the heavens, explaining that she had put 'em on in a fit of absent mindedne Crummerton were white spats and a black silk scarf the size of a portiere that tripped him up every time he walked. The audience was a "representative" one. Harold made the opening

"My friends," he said, "the new movement in thought which has been taking place is very significant. Hitherto our vital intellectual interests have been superimposed upon our sense of being, which, however much we may adumbrate the forces which have been dominant, is now compelling us to admit that impressionism as it was is no longer what it should be.

"Charming!" muttered Mrs. Billings Send

responsibility of the intellectual destintes of Blightville was all on her portly shoulders and her cue was to make no false step until the race was over and the running time announced.

Meanwhile Myrtle remained at home hypnotic

ing herself into an immortal rage. What at tire id seemed like a surprising adventure on her husband's part, with a certain element of suspicion in it, had now to her overheated mind assumed all of the proportions of a gigantic plot. Harold when living in the city had, entirely without her knowledge, continued to meet two

unknown women. Becoming tired of his jonely suburban life his weak, pliable nature had come



Throwing out her boarding irons, she grappled him by the collar.

under their secret if somewhat distant influence

Unlike the proverbial moth, however, he had managed to get the flame to come to him. As for the solitary male author, Mr. Cramme ton Pump, he was only a blind, a decoy. He has been brought out to give color to the whole affair which at bottom was only a ruse on her husband part to scorn her love in favor of two dark horses

Myrtle pondered and reconstructed and dwell upon and imagined and built up and refashlored the whole affair until she got her cue in which the word rescue was the vibrating note. The suburban world was naught to Myrtle. What cared she for social place or the combined opinion of man and woman kind! Her husband's love was more than aught else. The courage to pluck him from his fate was to Myrtle all in a day'work. Having resolved to do the rest purely mechanical-like the arrival of the Pensylvania Limited.

Harold had concluded his remarks on "Being" and was running off on the merits of one of Zobonia's poems when Myrtle made her gran-

Mrs. Pelter stopped faming. Mrs. Wettle up alongside of Harold and throwing out h boarding irons grappled him by the collar a-

This is no place for you. These women pointing to Zobonia and Veluria-"are not into lectuals at all. They are just creatures!

She turned to Mrs. Pelter and burst into tear "My husband," she sobbed, "is always doing something like this" As for Mrs. Pelter, she was sublimely equal



Zobonia Orchid Melrose, author of

the occasion. She also had her cue. Leading the sobbing Myrtle into the next recta whispered:

"You poor dear! I understand fully husband sometimes ac's that way castles year't fool me on intellectuals. I know can a m away. I suspected these erentures the laid eyes on them. They are not the real the How you must have suffered! But do not i I will take you up. I am the real leade Blightville society, strong enough to do anyta

Henceforth your position is assured."

That evening, after the excitement had down and Zobonia and Veluria and Crus had been transported back to their native ba and Harold had been par 'y forgiven, he said

"Well, darling, all I wanted to say is this did it purely out of love for you. I saw that swere lonesome and I thought I whell get M taken up by the real leaders of society. It I wrong, forgive me!" Myrtle's eye quivered.

"You did get me in." she said "I'm going give a big reception next month and Mrs. Pelter to receive with me and everybody is comm. got me in, Harold, but for the life of me know how you did it. I don't yet as derstand. "Neither do I." replied Harold. "I must b been without knowing it the humble of an all wise suburban Providence."

(To be continued.)

"The Blue Shin."